Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawde in blood,
All in goare blood, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O breake my heart, poore bankrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere lookt on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heauie beere.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?
Nur. *Tybalt.* is goue, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen, woluiſh-rauening lambe,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhow:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſainr, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt power the ſpirit of a fiend
In mórtall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was euer booke contayning ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all for- worne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome *Aqua. vitæ*?

Theſe

Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Bliſtered be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throne where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tibalts* dead that would haue ſlaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worſer then *Tibalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be wranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tibalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne Lamentation might haue moued,
But with a rearward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,

There